

THE POKER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

No. 39.

THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experientique laborum.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

Legislative Assembly.

NOTICES OF MOTIONS.

Sir E. U. Piche.—On Saturday next, "Motion that 7,000 copies of 'French without a Master,' be purchased for the use of the House."

Mr. W. F. Powell.—On Sunday next, "Railway from Pembroke to Lake Huron, by way of French River."

Hon. M. Cameron.—On Sunday next, "To allow Temperance meetings to be held in Legislative Chamber, when not in session."

Hon. M. Cameron.—On Sunday next, "Grant of \$7,000 to Cold Water Fund of 1st Division of Temperance."

Hon. Mr. Cauchon.—On Monday next, "Leave to build a Bridge from Point Levi to Island of Orleans, and grant of \$12,000 to same."

Lord Lemieux.—On Thursday next, "Whether it is the intention of the Government to engage a Photographic Artist to take the portraits of members, and if so how many copies to be took, and on what sort of paper, what frames; and whether an Album will be formed of such portraits and be sent to His R. H. the Emperor Napoleon III, and Her Majesty the Queen."

Sir E. U. Piche.—On Wednesday next, "That that felon, that pedagogue, that darkest of villains Edmund Head, be recalled, and after recalled be banished to the Island of Anticosti."

Puns.

Why ought the House of Assembly to be as interesting to the public as Barnum's Menagerie?

Ans. Because the unquestionable authority of some of our public prints frequently denominate it a "Bear-garden," and its keepers in the Upper House have a long pole which they might occasionally use to stir them up.

Why is the House of Assembly the exact contrary of the game of Euchre.

Ans. Because the Speaker having the first say, has the privilege of ordering down, but not of ordering up.

Why ought Mr. Cartier and his ministers to be more celebrated than Dick Sliter, the celebrated Dancer, and his company?

Ans. Because the *Globe* says they performed the greatest double-shuffle that was ever known within the age of constitutional government!!!

Mrs. Bilton says, she prefers the junior member for Montreal to the member for North Ontario, because the former has more *Brass* than *Gould*.

A Poem.

Written in imitation of a celebrated production by D'Arcy McGee, on "Saint Bees," which appeared in the *Canadian Freeman*.—

BY GREG POLLOCK, ESQ., NOT M. P. P., OF VINEGAR HILL.

Bright shone the joyful summer's sun
On Canada's fair shore,
The wind had failed the fishermen,
Were tugging at the oar—
The flippant swallows swept the shaw,
And coons were in the tree,
When from a neighboring hill I saw
D'Arcy Count McGee.

"Who was McGee?" I asked of one
Who drove a lazy yoke—
"McGee," quoth he, "is that chap there,
You'll find him stiffish folk."
"Who was McGee?" I asked again
A farmer in Canadian dress—
"Who?" echoed he—"an Irishman
Of loyalty, not much possess."

I stood upon a holler log
And saw the empty (k) nave,
And knew the farmer dressed in gray
No false tradition gave.
Hard by a staring pile of brick
(Or, *Nummery*, if you please.)
He played O'Brien a scurvy trick,
This D'Arcy Count McGee.

A well fed priest not—Charbonnel.
Of stuff (not train of thought)
Who like a great goose stood before
The gossling flock he taught,
Said, striking down his choker white,
He said it to me,
"O yes be gor, I know the chap
This D'Arcy Count McGee."

Was it for this oh Virgin Queen,
I left my native land,
To be insulted by spoileens
On a free Canadian strand?
They say my speeches are but cant,
But soon I'll let them see
That I'm a poet and orator,
And D'Arcy Count McGee.

I could have choked the callous elowns
While the crowd looked on amused,
But the old women in linsey gowns
They had me so abused,
Though meek, if I had been their Pope,
I'd put them on their knee
Till they would all apologise
To D'Arcy Count McGee.

Hogan on Private Charity.

When the House was in Committee on Supply the item for Printing the Statutes, caused considerable discussion. The Knight of Grey, in reply to Mr. Sandfield McDonald, who spoke of the charitable and liberal dealings of Messrs. Desbarats & Derbishire towards their employees in case of sickness and other casualties, stated that, during his long connection with the public press, and he might have added in the publication of his "Original Montgomery Martin Essay on Canada," he did not remember a single instance of a printer applying to him for charity. Only think of it for a moment, the probability in a life time of any man in his senses applying to the man of curls for relief. It only serves to remind us of the old and true saying, "Beg from a beggar, and you'll never be rich."

The Tax on Knowledge.

The blow has fallen and the gates are closed, even the gates of knowledge. Howl, oh ye winds, bend the branches, the branches of learning—let the tree of knowledge fall. Catch up, ye winds, the leaves, the dead leaves from classic ground, let them rustle around the graves of the lingos defunct. Dry up, oh ye streams, ye fountains of hidden things, for thy source is not. No more shalt thou flow, no more this arid land refresh and gurggle pleasantly. Come ye midnight clouds, clouds of darkness come o'er shadow the earth in ignorance. Come, crime attend,—superstition come.

Thus spoke Goukie, and his words fell on the ears of Andrew,—Andrew, the Chief in Armour, who thus replied:

Goukie, in all soberness now I speak. Our occupation's gone. For me no profits rise, my cornucopia's dry, and so am I. In vain I quiz; often as my glass I raise I see the less or double, but nought distinct discern. But thou whose head is deeply read, and stuffed with cunning ways—the prophets were ever thy delight, thy discourse of yore. Pleasant was the trade of old, big the profits ere thy bread was known or heard amongst us; but now, 'tween the and Galt, I've lost my malt, and where withal to buy it. Leave us, oh Goukie, and preach again. Why left you that service whose sure reward was thine, if Heaven received thee, and even if that hope was gone, 'twas good to point the way. Why not return?

As Andrew ceased he spat, a sixpence spat, and Goukie spake: Taxes, Duties, Taxes to pay, Duties to perform; I hate them all, and the nations suffering touches me, even to the pocket. Hail, genius of intuition throw thy mantle round the people, the people untaught. Ichabod, oh Ryerson! thy walls shall crumble, thy schools separate, thy teachers—legion—starve. Little boys draw near.

And a host of little boys draw near crying, "Evening Colonist, only one Copper 11" Goukie slopes, and Andrew raises his glass and drinks the little boy's very good health.

Curious Analogy.

FRIEND POKER.—

The following dialogue took place in a newspaper office not one hundred miles from Toronto, between the Foreman and a rather green specimen of humanity, who had lately presented himself to be initiated in the arts and mysteries of typography. The latter, after perpetrating one of his eccentricities, was asked "if he had any friends in the Lunatic Asylum," to which he replied, "no Sir, but I have an uncle in the *Globe* office."

OLE SOX.

Our City Fathers.

Alderman Tully.—A Report from a Select Committee on Public Walks and Gardens.

Councilman Pell said as he was Chairman on Walks and Gardens, he had received several communications on the subject. One from Councilman Finch, requesting the use of them for *cabbage gardens*, for which he offered new coats of the same style and fit as those worn by Mr. Brown in the House of Assembly: one to the Mayor, one to the *Cadi*, (whose salary had been unjustly reduced) also one to the Chamberlain and Recorder Duggan. On the latter gentleman's coat he proposed to put green "facings," as a mark of his esteem for the way he had acted in the re-organization of the City Police, and beside this, he proposed to give a Corporation feast at the close of the year, when he would feast the City Fathers on *hot goose and cabbage*.

The Council did not accept his offer.

Alderman Sheard wished to know if there were any *jobs* that he or his friend Brunel could do for the city; that they were now *open* for any thing.

Alderman O'Donohue—Yes, and so is the island.

Councilman Finch enquired if any thing had been done by the Harbor Commissioners with regard to the *breach*?

Mr. McCleary said the five prizeman was always talking of *breeches*. He had attended a meeting of the Harbour trust, and they had decided upon waiting till the *lake fell*, which they supposed would be about the year 1900, before doing any thing with it. The Mayor here wished to make a few remarks. He had been informed that Councilman Finch, who was the best authority on *breeches*, was prepared to lay before the Council his views. It *seemed* he had lately introduced into the city one of Singer's Patent Sewing Machines, and had produced *that coat* which was so much admired in the House of Assembly, so much so, in fact, that the worthy Councilman, whose merits and ability long lay dormant, whose light, like that of Councilman Wiman's, lay so long under a bushel, that he had been adopted as tailor to the *Brown-Dorion Government*, and he imagined that from the increase of business, he would soon be able to *stop up the gap* with cabbage.

Councilman Finch must acknowledge the compliment paid him by the Mayor, and was proceeding, when one of the members interrupted him with, don't make a *goose* of yourself. Here Councilman Finch got indignant, and said he could speak no more as he had lost the *thread* of his discourse.

Alderman O'Donohue enquired if any medical officer had been appointed by the Corporation, if not, he would like to see his friend, Dr. Cotter, receive the appointment.

EXCHANGE OF PROPERTY WITH MR. ALLAN.

Mr. Wilcox thought it better to issue debentures and pay Mr. Allan in them for his property, and keep the water frontage at the west end in possession of the city.

Mr. Wiman proposed that \$12,000 be set aside to purchase *handsome cabs* for the use of City Fathers, and that sober drivers be furnished for the same, so that members can visit the Industrial Farm, the *breech* in the Island, as soon as the bridge is finished over the Don, the Garrison Park, and take other healthy and pleasant drives.

FINANCE.

The Committee informed the Council that the Assessors had *over-rated* by *double*, the value of property in the city; rents had fallen, tenants ran away, and landlords looked blue, and yet they were compelled to pay the over taxation. What was to be done?

Alderman Brunel did not care; the City wanted money, and get it they should.

Councilman Tailor introduced a motion for the purpose of purchasing two or three of Cottou's Steam Shovels, to cut a passage from Lake Huron to Toronto, for the purpose of bringing *coal* in from the north. Adopted.

The Council all then liquored, except Wiman and Finch, who took lemon syrup.

The Hon. George Brown's Prayer to Bishop Charbonnell.

A PARODY.

Holy Father shield, oh shield me
From the Poker's dart awhile,
'Tis determined not to leave me
Till its venom reach my *chyle*,
Yet methinks I can discover
Signs of true repentance dwell
'Neath the Poker's out r cover,
Heaven grant it "Charbonnell."
If my prophetic eye hath failed me,
And the Poker still beguiles,
Thy special prayers I need to save me
From that blackguard Paddy Miles.
Oh! methinks I hear in the distance
Sounds from Purgatory swell,
'Tis Mr. P. cries for assistance,
Pray for him dear "Charbonnell."
If the Poker's blind persistence
In his *pokes* at me doth send
Him to that place where long existence
Will oake him his manners mend;
I'm sure he can expect no other
But his evil deeds to tell,
I fear would make me whine and blubber,
Pray for me dear "Charbonnell."

YANKEE DOODLE.

Eloquence.

McGee—(to Robinson). You're an ass.
Robinson—(to McGee). Then you're a monkey
Foley—(to Gould). You're a grammarian.
Gould.—Am I?
Sandfield Mac—(to Cimon). No one would take you for a Canadian, you speak English so well.
Cimon—(shrugging his shoulders). Me no understand.
Mowat—(to Thibadeau). You've got a voice like an angel.
Thibadeau—(through his nasal organs). Mon Dieu, who could doubt it.
Lemieux—(to Dubord). You're a modest man.
Dubord.—God bless my snul, who said anything to the contrary.
Drummond—(to Dunbar Ross). Let's see what's your age, Ross.
Ross.—Guess.
Drummond.—Thirty-five.
Ross.—Right. I'll be thirty-five next month.
Connor—(to Price). You're living on your money, I suppose, eh.
Price.—Come, none o' that.
Dorion—(to Heath). You've got a bank, have you not.
Heath.—No. That line's too common.
Foley—(to Malcolm Cameron). Come let's have a drink of soda water.
Cameron.—Never mind that.
Brown—(to Gowan). You're a gentleman.
Gowan.—Yes, I know that.

General D'Arcy McGee's Address to his 300,000 Men.

SOLDIERS!—

When I made myself your chief, it was with a full knowledge of your desperate situation. On my arrival in Griffin town, I found you in rags and tatters, with plenty of whiskey, but no bread. I saw that you wanted a leader experienced in war, a leader who would rescue you from filth and oblivion.

Soldiers! I possess that experience! In the great Irish Revolution of 1848, which made the whole earth tremble, I fought the bloody battle of Cabbage Garden, and only surrendered because they surrounded me. In 1858, I met the great Protestant General, George Brown, and after a desperate conflict, I obtained a glorious victory, taking all his guns and munitions of war. Soldiers! Behold in me the hero of two battles, ready to undertake new conquests and to obtain glorious triumphs. Great labors are before us. We must overcome them. In order to effect this more easily, I have secured the services of the heroic General, John Mitchel, who will join us forthwith with his brave Nigger Brigade, and one bottle of Blue Vitriol. With these valuable acquisitions to our ranks, and relying upon the equity of our cause, we will march in quest of new opponents, spreading vitriol and civilization in our path. Soldiers! Could you wish a more glorious destiny! You will be the regenerators of the American people! You will restore liberty to oppressed nations! You will be hailed by your countrymen as their deliverers. Your first act will be the era from which to date the inauguration of equality throughout the civilized world.

Soldiers! Behold in your triumph the liberty of Ireland. Strive then to eclipse the heroes of Vinegar Hill.

McGEE,

Commander-in-Chief.

The Poker at the Government House.

At sharp 7 o'clock Mr. *Poker* was at the Government House, having previously ordered a carriage and pair of horses with two footmen and a driver, in a large powdered wig, from Butters.—As it is but seldom Mr. *Poker* dines out, he was determined to do it on this occasion somewhat in the style of the Lord Mayor of London when attending his sovereign, or on state occasions. This being a state occasion to Mr. *Poker*, and attending the representative of his sovereign in Canada, Sir Edmund Head. On arriving at the Government House Mr. *Poker's* servant rang the bell, on which a liveried one opened the door, another in scarlet vest and white coat with large silver buttons took Mr. *Poker's* hat, gloves and cane, another helped him off with his coat, and Mr. *Poker* was ushered into the presence of His Excellency and Lady Head. His name being first announced at the door, at the words, "Mr. *Poker*, your Excellency," quite a buzz ran through the room, and all eyes were turned on the venerable Mr. *Poker*. The ladies seated around used their fans to peep through, some blushed, others sighed, and not a few were fascinated I fancy. Imagine Mr. *Poker* in a new suit of Riddle & McLean's best black North-of-England wool dyed; the coat an admirable fit, the vest of white satin, black tights silk

stocking, shoes and large gold buckles with real diamonds, which belonged to his grandfather, one of the Kings of Ireland,—the O'Rourke's—a neat white neck-tie (which he was presented with from the usher of the black rod), a wig borrowed from the Speaker, lemon colored kid gloves, white pocket handkerchief supplied by Lazarre, a diamond pin in his ruffled shirt, and three magnificent rings on his fingers; one presented to him by the late Emperor Napoleon, an emerald by the Duke of Wellington, and an amethyst by Nicholas of Russia the last time Mr. *Poker* met him in London. Why would he not create a *furor* with all these, not speaking of his own personal attractions. As he was, when a younger man, considered one of the best looking men in England or Canada, except the Speaker, W. L. Fellows, J. S. Logan and a few other good looking men in the Assembly, how could Mr. *Poker* be blamed for causing a sensation among the fair sex at the Government House. Mr. *Poker* on entering the room made a low bow, in his usual polite way—a court bow—not one of these short jerks, which you may observe the awkward members make in passing the Speaker's chair—these men should be taught grace and elegance. Although I have not seen Mr. Cartier cross the floor since he returned from Windsor, he I suppose may have improved. His Excellency extended his hand and shook that of Mr. *Poker's* cordially, and hoped, though this was not the first time Mr. *Poker* was at the Government House, it would not be the last. Mr. *Poker* bowed again. His Excellency then introduced him to Lady Head and a number of ladies old and young, some good looking and others not quite. Lady Head, with a most fascinating smile said, my dear Mr. *Poker* I hope we shall often have the pleasure of your company, and also hoped his interesting journal did not occupy so much of his time as to deprive him of a little amusement which was requisite for the enjoyment of health. Mr. *Poker* bowed and thanked her excellency, and said that he was a great book worm and had read almost every thing; amongst others a most interesting and instructive work by Sir Edmund, "Shall and Will," and that now he was determined that he "shall" take more amusement, or else he fears it "will" make inroads on his constitution. Her ladyship seemed pleased at this small sally of wit, and enquired if Mr. *Poker* was fond of the dance, and if he ever polkaed. Mr. *Poker* replied he never poked anything except the Grits, and he constantly kept poking at them,—in fact, it was he who kept George Brown out of office, after his excellency had put him in, he was also the cause of his being put off the Public Accounts Committee; and that now George Brown and his friends had discovered that their only chance of rising was to buy out the interest in the *Poker*, this he would have done but could not find the funds without selling out the *Globe*, which he eventually will have to do. Her ladyship seemed astonished at this, but said she did not understand politics, so much of her time was taken up with domestic duties, public and private charities and holding drawing rooms, but now, she was happy to say, some other ladies in the city had copied from her, and held them also, at least they were "at Home," once a week, which was a great relief to her. She never read newspapers; the *Poker*, in fact, was the only one, that she did not consider a newspaper—it was

more of a periodical or literary gem. The dinner was announced, to which Mr. *Poker* escorted her ladyship, his excellency preceded with Madame —, the Aids, Ministers, M. P. P.'s, &c, here followed, with ladies on their arm.

[To be Continued]

That Knox's Bell!—Fireman's Lament.

AIR—"Those Evening Bells."—Tom Moore.

That Knox's Bell! that Knox's Bell!
How many a tale did its music tell,
Of fire and blaze, and that fearful time,
When last I heard its warning chime.
Those terrible hours are passed away,
And many a fireman that then was gay,
Within their cot now sleepily dwell,
And hear no more that Knox's Bell.

Church Going.

LETTER NO. II.

SIR,—Having recovered from the effects of my former visit to church, I found courage to go again. Well, sir, having squeezed myself through at least a dozen individuals who sat with their feet perched on the back of another seat. I found room sufficient to seat myself. The extent of seat I occupied was one foot. I measured it. I then placed my hat, gloves, &c, under the seat. I had hardly done so, however, before I was made aware of the fact that an old established squirting apparatus was under full operation ejecting tobacco juice, which came down beautifully upon my hat, gloves and &c. "Gentlemen," said I, "I consider this very unhandsome of you to be disfiguring my head preserver, could you not find some other spittoon besides that? The words "softy," "no gentleman," "gammon," &c, fell upon my ears. I thanked the gentlemen and walked off.

I then found a seat on the other side of the church; said I to myself, "I think I shall be comfortable here." In this, however, I was mistaken; for whenever I directed my attention to my Prayer Book, the little boys that were sitting next to me were pulling my buttons, feeling my pockets, &c. I repeatedly told them to desist, but all to no purpose; the more I spoke to them the more tricks they played me. I told them at last that I would tell the beadle. They tittered, they laughed. I got mad—the girls were looking at me; they tittered and they laughed, which in my eyes made me very ridiculous. Presently the boys began playing marbles—not on the floor, but privately in their caps. I was resolved I would tell the beadle. Presently the officer of the church approached; I beckoned and he came. I told my story, "Sir," said he, "you are a confounded rascal; how dare you say anything against those innocent darlings, sir,—they are my children. I will have you put out of the church immediately." "But, sir,—," said I, "No buts about it," exclaimed he, "talk that way of my Tommy, and Bobby, and Jimmy?" and he bounded down the aisle.

Fearing he would carry his terrible words into force, I sloped. But finding I had forgotten my gloves, I went back to get them but could not find them—at last I saw the thumb of one of them peeping from under the petticoat of a lady who sat in front of me. What was I to do now?—I could do nothing. I could not lift up the lady's petticoats and take my gloves. So I said to myself, "Fitz Osborne, you are in a fix." How to

get out of it I could not tell, so I determined to wait until the end of the service, no matter what the little boys might do to me; so I did wait, and the little boys did play. Presently they took my prayer book and played with it—my only consolation they took from me, but I endured all, all,—yes, all. The service ended. I was rejoiced—now will I get my gloves and be myself again. The lady moved and as she moved a little dog came from beneath her skirts, but I saw not my gloves, they were not to be found. The lady was moving rapidly away. I followed and just as she came to the step and stepped down, then only did I find my gloves. I took them up; but horror of horrors—my kids—my dear three-and-ninepenny kids—what pen can describe my mortification on picking them off the ground—that horrid dog in his puppy-like sportiveness, had eaten off the tips of all the fingers. After putting one on by way of experiment, the ends of my fingers appeared in strange contrast with the above material. I sighed as I folded them up and placed them in my pocket, inwardly resolving that the next time I went to church, I would go shoeless, hatless and gloveless.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN FELIX FITZ OSBORNE.

Citree Sirvayer.

Toronto, April 4th, 1859.

MISTHER POKER AVOURNEEN:—

Excuse the liberty that I take in addressin' meself to yez, but hearin' that the Sirvayer of the city hed giv' hemsilf the sack on account of the Korporashin pullin' down his wagis, I thot I'd jist drop yez a few lines till see av yez might hev anny iufunee till get a buddy a sittedashin ov the likes, bekase ye see, avick, I'm the boy av grate launin' entirely—I've wint thugh the Karpinter's ellin' book twice, not spakin' ov the "gof," fur I kin doo overy sum in it like a breek; an' as fur drawin' divil the likes ov mesilf iver ye clapt yer peepers an. 'Pon me konsens, Poker avick, atwixt yersilf an I, three hundred an fite porns kummin' in till ye overy year is a mitey shnug wee sum all out. So av it wud be plaisin' to ye jist till spake a wurd fur me ov it wud be no on-convenience fur yez, see as I'm out o a job jist now, it would shute me to a nockdown, an as I'm none o yer dirty purtickelir sort ov folks, I wud diut hav' anny objectshiu till take in han' till attend till the claiun' ov the citie, hoe, or do the ringin' ov nox's bel intill the bargain, fur ov coarse we must take intill knnsiderashun the titenis ov the times, for be me sowl its mitey hard till get along these times intirely. I enclos' all me kir-aethers wid' this, fur thay mite be ov sarvis never-theliss.

Your's ivverlastin',

MICHAEL O'FLAHERTY FINNIQAN.

Puns.

Why is Brown a wicked man for doing what McGee tells him? Ans. Because he is bade (*bad*) to do it.

"It's a sheer impossibility," as Brown said when he could'nt fleece John A.

What is the present musical cry of the Opposition? Ans. "Drum on!" (Drummond).

CANUCK.

Royal Lyceum.

It is with great satisfaction we announce the re-organisation or regeneration of the Dramatic Company at the above place of amusement. Mr. Marlowe, at considerable expense has succeeded in collecting and bringing to Toronto a number of performers well calculated to gratify the tastes of the theatre-going portion of our community; and we hope that his spirit of enterprise will meet with the patronage and appreciation that it really merits. The performance during the past week were of the most excellent description. Mr. Bass in his rendition of the character of the "Great Sir John," was indeed inimitable. Mr. Poker must say he never experienced such an amount of gratification before, as he did at witnessing the "mountain of fat" in his amorous extacies. Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe are always received with shouts of applause from the audience; Mr. Lee, ditto; Miss Glenn is becoming an interesting proficient in her profession, and is making rapid progress in the good graces of the public. Of the new company we have seen sufficient to say that the public will not be disappointed in their expectations of them. Mr. Herbert in his stoical comicalities will divide the applause of the pit with Mr. Den Thompson, who had it all his own way before the appearance of the former gentleman. Miss Herbert Mrs. Chas. Hill, Mr. Chas. Hill, Mr. Hill from Cincinnati, are all good stock actors well calculated to win favour from any reasonable public whatever. We must conclude by heartily wishing Mr. Marlowe all success.

To Correspondents.

SAM SLICK, Woodstock.—No go. Too lengthy, and we could not exclude other matter to admit its insertion.

SAM SLICK, jr., Toronto.—We shall be glad to hear from you at any time. It is not necessary to give your real name with any communications that you may favour us with. The *Poker* neither charges for inserting them, nor pays contributors for them.

CLEAR GRIT.—Thanks for your verses,—they will appear next week.

YANKEE DOODLE.—Sorry to learn that this is your last contribution.

O'FLAHERTY.—Bedad, but we'll hav yez appointed Sitty Sirveyer.

HAROLD.—Thanks, as usual.

DOBBS.—Give me yer fist Dobbs. Cannot appear until next week: we are not sorry, as, in the meantime, we will keep it to look at as a tonic for sore eyes.

ERNESTES EMPLOYE.—The *Poker* is not a medium—if we are aware of it—of inserting communications that have been rejected by another journal. Sorry, because your piece is good.

RUSTY QUILL.—All "O. K.," but too late for this week.

J. H. SLYBOOTS.—Next week.

J. H. H., Whitby.—Ditto.

CAROLUS.—All right.

RODERICK.—We'll have your episode to Re-beker next week. Have you any more of the same sort?

W. J. K.—Good.

L'ENFANT. COLUMBUS.—Too late.

Answers to Charades in Last No.

Your first's a little busy bee,
That skims along from flower to flower,
Perhaps 'tis truth to say that we
Have felt it in a luckless hour;
Your second stares us in the face—
'Tis always first in ruin and ruin,
And also first in ruin and race—
'Tis *r*, the second letter in bruin.
Your third, and fourth, and fifth are known
(One's found in flow, two more in flowing,)
To spell the little word called *own*.
Your whole is hardly worth the knowing,
Because 'tis neither more nor less when known,
Than that confounded Scotchman Gordie Brown.
YANKEE DOODLE.

I.

Is G the leading part of "Globe?"
Perhaps it is—it stands for George!
Your second, rashly, if in *r* be
Of lawyer, or armed from the forge
Of some stout "wynd," flies into fury,
Or rage—(the first 's the strongest word)
And rolls his *R*'s—and with fierce hurry
Still struts about; while I'm not heard;
Who might allay the storm—the stage
Shows the absurdities; calls them a page
From nature's book—now *T* will fit,
And show your whole to be clear—"GRIT."

II.

The Bee's sweet hum the ear delights
For country lanes. But then at nights,
A country Inn! Cosy and snug
You lie in bed; a monstrous Bug
Leaps on, attacks you—You're done Brown.
Humbugged in fact—so back to Town.

III.

The hum of the *B*(ee) is not vastly unpleasant,
So we'd make that your first.
Your second—let's see—ah! I have it: each peasant
Cries *R*. At the worst
It's in ruin, in rope, in rapsallion or rascal:
(May he first be the end
Of the latter of these.) Am I right? now I ask all,
Who their strong hands would lend
In support of the right, do not knaves thrive & flourish
Because *men* will not stop
In the hurry of life, to condemn what these nourish?
But we'll shut up that shop.
Your third must be *O*, for it ends a potato,
Oh glorious *fo* di
On dish for the Gods! how it bangs all the "mate"—oh!
Tare and touns, but it's good!
Your fourth, letter *W* must be the name, for
In a row it is found,
And in wisdom, in cow, and in sow, it's the same, for
In these it gives sound,
As—pecked is the man! How we must pity his doom
Whom your fifth points out.
Now we'll put these together, and try if our wisdom
Can bring this about—
That the "tittle" and whole of your riddle would seem
To distinguish George Brown,
Who Cartier plagues, and Macdonald! but leans to
Our friend "Griffintown."
L. S. J.

Answers to Number of 2d April, 1859.

ENIGMA.

I.

1, 3, 10, 11, flag,
13, 9, 8, 11, ring,
11, 14, 4, 3, 6, 8, gallon,
19, 2, 11, 5, rags,
11, 9, 3, 4, gill,
7, 9, 11, fig.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14
F a l l s (o f) N i a g a r a

II.

1, 10, 17, 11, Bear,
6, 7, 11, 3, 13, 12, 10, furnace,
11, 2, 14, 4, rank,
6, 7, 14, fun,
12, 5, 8, 8, 10, 11, copper,
16, 11, 17, 9, 0, 11, premier.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.
B a n k (o f) U p p e r C a n a d a.

Answer to Canuck's Charade in Last No.

Your first is a G,
The beginning of ghost,
Your second, let's see,
Is the beginning of roast.
Your third and your fourth
Make the little word *it*,
Your whole is not worth
A cent more than a bit,
'Tis the party who tried to make Johnny A. quit.
YANKEE DOODLE.

Illustrations from Shakespeare.

Sandfield Macdonald to Brown, (speaking of Ministerial employes), "Discard, bully Hercules, cashier; let them wag; trot, trot."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Brown to McGee, "Thou art the Mars of malcontents; second thee; troops on."—*Ditto*.

Poker to British Whig.—"A pox o' your throat, you lawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog."—*Tempest*.

Poker, (listening to Brown's speech) "Fie what a spendthrift is he of his tongue."—*Ditto*.

CANUCK.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hoops! Hoops!! Hoops!!!

MR. McMILLANER having just imported a lot of the "Raw Material," is prepared to make up Ladies on the shortest Notice.

TERMS LOW.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A Cooper, no musician need apply.

For Sale.

THE celebrated Brown Horse "Protestant," the owner having no further use for him. He is in a saleable condition, having been sent "to grass," until disposed of; and thanks to the Rare(y) secret, is now perfectly quiet. He has not been known to "bolt" since he ran at Edinburgh under heavy weight, but is well known as a "fast" horse, and has always taken and kept the "lead" in every contested race. Came off victorious at the Toronto Donkey Sweepstakes, and latterly only lost the Golden Prize by a HEAD. Although, since his recovery from accidentally having been caught in a trap, he shews a cloven foot he is far from being lame, and as to the report of his having vicious tricks and being unsound on certain points. Try him, that's all.

Apply to D'Arcy McGee.

The *Globe* will please copy.

Wanted.

A LOWER CANADIAN PONEY, one that has been Priest ridden preferred, and that takes readily to his (v)otes.
As he will be expected to carry the advertiser through many a hairy way, he must be sure of foot.

Apply to

G. B., Leg. Ass.

N. B.—No Cart(i)er need apply.

"The Poker"

Is published every Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, and can be obtained at all the News Depots, and of the News Boys. The *POKER* will be mailed to parties in Town & Country, at One Dollar per annum paid in advance. All letters must be post paid.